



THE BUFFALO BILL STORIES

A WEEKLY PUBLICATION
DEVOTED TO BORDER HISTORY

Issued Weekly. By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at New York Post Office by STREET & SMITH, 238 William St., N. Y.

No. 22.

Price, Five Cents.



EL, LOOKING BACK, SAW BUFFALO BILL STANDING, RIFLE IN HAND, LIKE A LION AT BAY, AS THE SAVAGES DASHED TOWARD HIM.—(CHAPTER XLII.)



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BUFFALO BILL'S VICTORIES.

By the author of "BUFFALO BILL."

CHAPTER XXXV.

RUNNING A DEADLY GANTLET.

Like a fleet of tiny vessels upon the Atlantic's fathomless waters looked a squadron of "prairie ships," a long line of wagons, with their white tilts glittering in the last rays from the western sky, as they are grouping for the night's encampment upon the low banks of a small stream, which swiftly winds its way toward the waters of the Platte River, a number of miles to the southward.

At the spot where the wagon-train was going into camp, a few trees were visible, a landmark, a beacon, as it were, in the boundless prairie sea around; and a few miles to the westward, and on the trail, was visible another "prairie island," or motte, which the wagoners had hoped to reach ere nightfall, for they were in a hostile Indian country, and they dreaded attack from some roving band, for their guide had reported only that morning numerous fresh traces of savages.

Early in the forenoon the guide had ridden forth over the prairie, promising to join them long ere dark; but as night approached, and he had not returned, it caused a shade of gloom to settle upon many a face, for White Trailer, as he was called by the Indians, was always prompt, and they feared some evil had befallen him.

The train consisted of some thirty wagons, and their teams, and drivers, about two hundred head of fine cattle, a number of women and children, and a score of men, mounted on splendid horses, and thoroughly armed, while, led behind each vehicle, was an extra saddle or work animal.

At the head of the cavalcade rode two men more conspicuous than the others; the one a man of fifty, with iron-gray beard and hair, and a stern but benevolent face, and a dignified and herculean form; the other was a youth of perhaps twenty-one years of age, possessing a frank and manly face, while the close resemblance he bore to the elderly gentleman proved him his son.

In the leading wagon, one of a larger and more comfortable build than the others, rode two ladies, whom a glance was sufficient to show were mother and daughter, the former being a fine-looking matron of forty-five, with a face beaming with kindness, and the latter a maiden in her nineteenth year, a golden-haired, sunny-faced beauty, with dark, lustrous eyes, and a form graceful in every motion.

The four persons thus described were parents and children, wending their way from city life to a home upon the border, and the remaining people of the train were well-to-do emigrant families, following the "Star of Empire" westward.

Captain Duncan, designated captain from having been elected chief of the wagon-train, had just given the order to encamp for the night, when his son, Harold, cried, while he glanced earnestly across the prairie:

"Yonder comes White Trailer now."

Instantly every face brightened, and a hundred eyes were turned in the direction in which Harold Duncan was gazing, where was visible a single horseman rapidly coming along through the tall grass.

"No, that is not the White Trailer," returned a young emigrant, who stood up in his saddle to get a better view.

"You are right, Clarence; but who can he be?" said Captain Duncan, at the same time taking a small field-glass from his pocket and turning it upon the approaching horseman; then, after a moment, he added:

"Whoever he is, he rides like the wind, and—ha! in Heaven's name what means that?"

The surprised and sudden exclamation of Captain Duncan turned every eye toward the horseman, and every face blanched as they saw the cause of the cry, for, like magic, there had suddenly sprung up from the long grass of the prairie, and directly between the wagon-train and the coming rider, some twenty mounted Indians, who, with ferocious yells, strung out to intercept the solitary man.

"It seems that them Injuns has been hidin' yonder in the grass, horses and all, watchin' us, and seein'

as yonder mounted feller was about to discover them, they up and goes for him," calmly replied an old teamster.

"You are right, Boston, and we will go to his rescue," cried Captain Duncan, earnestly.

"Hold on, boss; you don't know how many more are lyin' down in the grass, and you would leave the train helpless. Just let the feller take care of hisself, and darn me, if I don't believe he kin, for he hain't drawed rein or turned out yit, though the Lord knows he can't be blind, and must see the red heathens," said old Boston—so named from his hailing originally from the "Hub," and always placing that city ahead of all the rest of the world—quietly took a fresh and generous chew of tobacco.

And Boston's words were indeed true, for still on came the horseman, flying like the wind, and apparently unmindful of the savages in his path, and less than a quarter of a mile distant from him.

"He may be in league with them, although he is certainly a white man," suggested an old emigrant, and it certainly appeared so, from the indifferent manner in which he came on, right into the lion's mouth, should they prove enemies to him.

"Well, our duty is plain, men; we must form a corral of the wagons, on the very bank of this stream, and if it comes to the worst, we will fight it out. But I wish that White Trailer was here!" and Captain Duncan but expressed the wish of every man and woman in that train, for they had begun to rely thoroughly upon their brave and skillful guide, who had led them all the way from Iowa City.

"Ha! he sees his danger, and—bravo!" suddenly cried Clarence Hart, a handsome young emigrant, clad in a full suit of buckskin, well mounted and thoroughly armed.

As he spoke, the horseman was suddenly observed to raise from his side a short rifle.

Quickly he leveled it, then came a flash, and ere the report reached the ears of the listening emigrants, a mounted warrior was seen to topple from his horse.

Again the rifle flashed, and then with discordant

yells the savages, who were strung out in a long line, made for a common center, the single horseman, as if to ride him down.

"Great Heaven! why does he not turn and fly?" cried Captain Duncan, and as the emigrants saw him still continue they, with one accord, raised a cry of "Fly! fly! turn back, or you will be killed!"

But, unheeding, the horseman pressed forward, his horse coming on with tremendous bounds, and dashing directly upon the thickening line of savages, whose yells echoed far across the prairie.

Breathlessly men, women and children in the wagon-train watched the daring rider, and then from their midst a wild shout arose, as they saw his unerring repeating rifle flash once, twice, thrice, and each shot level either a red horseman or his steed.

Still on came the fearless rider, and then rapidly again his rifle spoke, aimed first upon one side and then on the other, and the next moment the deadly weapon was lowered, a revolver gleamed in each hand, and the horseman was in the midst of his foes.

There was a confused mass of struggling horsemen, savage yells, above which arose one wild and piercing cry, rapid firing, and then from the turmoil emerged the black steed, his master sitting erect in his saddle, as he flew like the wind on toward the encampment of the wagon-train.

One Indian horseman alone was between him and the goal, and the Indians for fear of killing their comrade, who was supposed by the wagoners to be a great chief, did not fire upon their successful enemy, but followed in close pursuit, yelling like demons.

Like a statue stood the mounted Indian awaiting the approach of the daring horseman, and most self-confident looked the Indian as he held his bow and arrow ready.

Suddenly he uttered his fierce warcry, the arrow sped forward, and appeared to strike the horseman, and the emigrants uttered a shout of alarm; but, apparently unharmed, the strange rider came on, his pistols were quietly returned to his belt, and then from beneath his knee, running parallel with the

length of his steed, he took a long and slender lance, and, poising it, quickly rushed toward his Indian foe.

One more arrow, hastily fired from his bow, and the warrior turned to fly; but too late! The strange and daring enemy was upon him; the keen lance entered his side, and bodily the savage was borne from his horse to the ground, just as another one of those wild and thrilling warcries was heard, and was answered by a loud and prolonged shout from the emigrants.

Harmlessly the shower of arrows followed the horseman from the infuriated and astonished Indians, and the next moment he dashed into the midst of the encampment, where every one present believed he bore a charmed life, after the fearful gantlet he had run so daringly.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE SCOUT.

The daring man that had so gallantly dashed into their midst drew rein suddenly, and coolly touched his broad sombrero, while all in the wagon-train gazed admiringly and wonderingly upon his magnificent appearance.

He was mounted upon a large and jet-black stallion, long in body, and with clean, muscular limbs, and possessing every indication of wonderful speed and endurance.

The head was small, the neck long and arched, and with fiery ardor the animal stamped the ground, and champed the heavy Mexican bit of solid silver, and seemed restive beneath the elegant silver and gold bespangled trappings and massive saddle, with its broad horn of metal, as large as a dinner plate.

Upon either side of the saddle horn were holsters, containing two handsomely-mounted revolvers, and on each side of the saddle seat were two more holsters, from which stuck the butts of pistols, while a short, repeating rifle was resting in a groove at the back of the saddle, where was tightly rolled a large oilcloth blanket and gaudy Mexican serape.

Across the saddle, and fastened to either housing,

was a pair of stout, leather saddle-bags, one side for provisions, the other for ammunition and a change of clothing, and to this, by leather straps, was tied a small, keen hatchet.

Added to this complete traveling equipment and arms a long, horsehair lasso hung upon the saddle-bow, and the horseman wore in his belt two silver-mounted revolvers, a large bowie knife, and carried in his hand a long and glittering Mexican lance, the end of which was stained with the blood of the last Indian who had attempted to bar his way toward the wagon-train.

With regard to the rider, he was indeed most remarkable, from the broad sombrero to the handsome cavalry boots, armed with heavy Mexican spurs of massive silver.

His form was over six feet, of magnificent proportions, and graceful in every move.

In the gathering twilight every man, woman and child in the train gazed upon the, to them, strange man for full a moment ere a word was spoken, and then the horseman said, in tones deep but most musical:

"This is Captain Duncan's wagon-train, I believe?"

"I am Captain Duncan, sir, and I must congratulate you upon your most remarkable escape," said the chief of the train, advancing and offering his hand, which the horseman warmly grasped.

"I was seeking you to warn you of danger ahead, for the Sioux are on the warpath, and also the renegade band, known as the Terror of the Plains, are lying in wait for you, sir."

"Indeed, this is really evil tidings; but who are you, sir?" said Captain Duncan.

"I am called Buffalo Bill, sir, and my occupation is that of a rover of the prairies—an army scout."

"I have heard of you, and marvelous stories are told of your hair-breadth escapes from death and mysterious life; but after to-day I certainly believe all I have heard."

"All true as gospel, capting, for I've hearn of this gentleman afore to-day, and they do say the Injuns believe he's really the devil hisself," said Boston, and

stepping forward and offering his hand to the Scout he quickly continued:

"Put it there, pard, for I am a boy what likes to squeeze a plucky man's fist, and if you had come from Bosting you couldn't have done better than you did a while since in that little scrimmage."

"I thank you, comrade; I was on my way to warn you of danger, and knew not that the Indians were between me and the train until I saw them get up from where they were hiding with their horses in the long grass.

"They evidently saw your train a long way off, and laid down to await until night to attack you, but seeing that my trail would lead me directly over them, they were forced to betray themselves."

"That is the case, sir; we were coming to your assistance, but we knew not how many more there might be of them."

"It was the best course for you to remain here; never leave the wagon-train to fight an Indian battle; but yonder party consists only of a few scouts belonging to a larger band, and they are now off, I see, for I handled them a little roughly."

"Indeed you did, sir, and you seemed to bear a charmed life," returned Captain Duncan.

"I fear you were wounded though, sir."

It was Mabel Duncan that spoke, and the scout turned his eyes full upon her, and, bowing low, replied:

"Thanks for your kindness, lady; I was struck by their arrows quite often, but none of them penetrated the flesh, though Satan here got a scratch," and the scout pointed to a slight wound in the neck of the noble animal.

"I say, pard, you are a perfect mounted terror, and if you are going to keep company with us, as the girls in Bosting say to their fellows, I'm darned if I'se afeerd of any Injuns," and Boston again stepped to the front.

"It is my intention to see you free from danger, and I would advise, Captain Duncan, that you move on from this spot to yonder motte dimly visible

across the prairie, for there you will find water, good grass and a safe piece of timber to encamp in.

"I will ride on ahead and see if the trail is clear."

"I thank you, sir; we were going into camp here, but I shall follow your advice, as it is the same that I believe our guide would give if he were here; but, poor fellow, I fear more evil has befallen him, as he left us this morning, promising to return by noon."

"The White Trailer is your guide, I believe?"

"He is, sir."

"In what direction did he ride when he left you?"

"Straight ahead, following the trail."

"Did he ride a white horse?"

"He did."

"Then yonder Indians have him a prisoner, for I observed a white horse, and, I believe, a white man, held down in the grass as I came through; but I was too busy to take particular notice."

"You bet; you had your hands full, and them Injuns got their bellies full," put in Boston, and a general laugh followed.

"You would advise us to move on to the motte, then?"

"By all means, sir; if attacked here, you cannot show half the strength you could there. Move on rapidly, make a corral of your wagons, for the motte is not more than two acres in size, and build a log stockade in the center to protect the women and teams, for you cannot resume your journey until, perhaps, a week, when something definite will be known regarding the movements of the Indians, and also the Terror of the Plains, under their inhuman leader, Navarro. In the meantime I will go after yonder band and endeavor to rescue your guide, when we will join you at the motte."

"Hold, sir; will you not allow myself and friend to accompany you? We are not frontiersmen, but yet I trust we have some courage;" and Harold Duncan rode forward, followed by Clarence Hart, both well armed and mounted.

Buffalo Bill glanced in the face of each young man and then at their horses with a critical eye, and replied:

"Thank you, gentlemen; but the Indians have now two miles' start, and I feel assured you could never overtake them; yet Satan, here, will find it but play," and he affectionately patted the neck of his magnificent horse, who pawed the ground violently as if longing to be off and prove his master's words.

The volunteer scouts looked a little crestfallen, and, seeing it, the horseman added:

"Another day, when pluck and not speed is required, we will go on the warpath together."

Raising his sombrero, the scout wheeled suddenly and dashed away, just as the first wagons of the train moved off on the way to the distant motte, or "prairie island," the emigrants feeling considerable anxiety at the news they had heard.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

PREPARING FOR A SIEGE.

Like the wind Scout Buffalo Bill flew away from the wagon-train, and was soon lost to the eyes of those watching him in the gathering gloom.

"Well, I hope no evil has befallen White Trailer, but, if yonder Indians have him a prisoner, I verily believe that mad rider will rescue him," said Captain Duncan to his son and Clarence Hart, who rode by his side, as the train took up its march for the motte.

"What a striking-looking man he is," replied Harold.

"Yes, he is a wonderful-looking man, and his horse is quite as remarkable as his rider, and I have heard strange stories regarding him from teamsters and scouts," answered Clarence Hart, who was ever mingling with plainsmen, to glean from them all information possible regarding life on the prairie.

At a rapid pace the train moved on, and a mile had been passed when Boston suddenly cried:

"Look a-yonder!"

All eyes turned across the prairie, and there were seen several quick flashes, like the discharge from a gun, and then indistinctly once, twice, thrice, came the report.

"Hurrah! that means bizziness, you bet! Buffalo

Bill has tackled the Injuns, and he'll chaw 'em up, scalps and all," yelled Boston, who drove the wagon of Captain Duncan, and then turning to Mabel Duncan, he continued:

"If I was a peert young gal, like you is, miss, I'd a heap rather marry a fellow like that scout than take any other fellow who you kin see clean through."

Mabel would have been seen to blush had the darkness not hidden the flow of crimson blood into her face.

In the meantime several more shots were seen to flash forth far off upon the prairie, and then came a perfect flood of light, made by the rapid firing of two revolvers at close quarters, and the form of the scout was momentarily visible in the blaze, surrounded by half-a-dozen dark forms, and then all was darkness—all silence again.

"Was he dead?"

"Had he fallen?"

Such were the questions asked by many, and Boston took it upon himself to reply with:

"You bet he'll turn up all right, boys, for you see the Injuns don't scare him worth a cent."

A mile farther travel and the motte was reached, and Harold and Clarence having rode on to reconnoitre and build a fire, a cheerful light gleamed forth over the prairie as the train drove up.

Like a skillful commander, Captain Duncan formed his wagons into a large corral, ranging them in the edge of the timber, and digging holes in which to sink the wheels, so that the bodies of the vehicles would make a good fortification, for the dirt was piled up on the outer side, and large pieces of timber formed barricades in between each wagon.

Two stockades, or rather log forts, were started in the interior of the motte, the larger one to protect the teams and cattle from the fire of the enemy, and the smaller one as a resort for the women and children, for after a consultation with his fellow emigrants, Captain Duncan determined not to push on to their destination, a hundred miles distant, until he was assured that there was no great danger.

"Well, boss, you is equal to the great ginerall, Washington Bonaparte, for this timber is just as nice a fort now as Bosting was when the Britishers had it, when our granddads fought for the tea the Englishers wanted to keep all to themselves. Now, boss, I'll just take my critter and strike out on a small scout, to see if I kin find that wild rider or—lightnin' and blazes! here he comes now, and as I'm a Christian, the White Trailer is with him!"

The words of Boston were heard by many, and a glance out upon the prairie, and the moon, which had risen an hour before, displayed two horsemen, one mounted upon a black horse and the other upon a white one, and a prolonged cheer was given, as the next moment Buffalo Bill rode up, accompanied by none other than the guide of the train, White Trailer, a man of six feet in height, well proportioned, and dressed in a suit of buckskin, with a soft felt hat upon his head and moccasins upon his feet.

His features were nearly regular, giving the impression that once he had been a remarkably handsome man, ere his face had been tanned like leather by long exposure; his eyes were black, and possessed a melancholy look, strangely blended with a savage expression that hovered about them, while his mouth was stern and also indicative of one who had seen much sorrow.

His face was closely shaven, a strange sight among scouts, and his hair was long and black.

The white steed he bestrode was no common animal, as a glance at him would prove, but he lacked the remarkable fine points of the horse of the army scout; still, he was the superior of most animals upon the plains.

White Trailer was also well armed, with one of Colt's repeating rifles, a pair of serviceable revolvers and a long knife, and was known as a most daring and skillful scout, respected by all who knew him, and feared by his enemies.

Perfectly free from the slang of the border, he cried as he came up:

"Well, captain, I'm back again, you see, but not on time; but it's better late than never, and it would

have been never, had this whirlwind on horseback, William Cody, not come to my aid, and for it he has the lasting regard of Ned Lennox, *alias* White Trailer, guide and scout to the best train of emigrants I ever put across the prairies."

"We are delighted to see you back, my friend, and your non-appearance at noon caused us to feel anxious about you, and, as you say, we all owe much to our daring friend here."

"Three cheers, boys, for Scout Buffalo Bill!"

In answer three terrible yells were heard from all the men of the party, and the scout politely raised his sombrero and said in his rich voice:

"Captain Duncan, my humble services are at your disposal until you are safe in your new frontier home. White Trailer here needs several little wounds looked after, so I will relieve him from duty to-night, and go off on a scout, for I have reason to believe that the Terror of the Plains is going to make a desperate attempt to take your train, well knowing its value, and I am glad to see you have already so strongly fortified yourself."

"You will certainly come to my quarters first and refresh yourself?"

"No, captain, I must now be off; in the morning I will return and report," and waving his hand, the scout simply said, "Come, Satan," and the steed with the devilish name darted away, and horse and rider disappeared from sight, while White Trailer said:

"I have heard of yonder scout, Buffalo Bill, for the past few years, and such strange stories were told of him I never believed anything I heard. But I believe all I have been told now, for you see, captain, when I went out this morning I rode right upon that band of Sioux horsemen, for they were lying down in the grass, and one of their number, a half-breed Mexican renegade, had me in the noose of his lariat before I could pull a revolver or knife, and I was bagged."

"Well, there we lay all day, for the fellows were on the watch for the train, and toward evening they got awful jolly, and were plotting how to go in on you at night, run off your cattle, and get a few

scalps, for they didn't expect you would look for danger, when not a soul was visible upon the prairie at sundown.

"But their plans came to naught, for suddenly a horseman was seen coming across the prairie, and his trail would lead right over them."

"It was no use; they had to give up the train, and as they recognized the horseman as Buffalo Bill—for some of them had met him before, it seems—they determined to take him, for every savage there would rather have had his scalp and black horse than all the train."

"On he came like a bird, and there we all lay awaiting him, I bound hand and foot, and unable to warn him."

"But I gave a loud cry, and it like to cost me my life, and would, had I repeated it, for he heard the cry, but did not check his speed."

"On he came, the Indians then spreading out to catch him, and I was certain he would go under; but I was mistaken; then came a wild yell, the warcries of the Sioux, rapid firing, and a moment after the scout was coming directly toward me, apparently unharmed."

"The Indian guarding me sprang up, jerked his horse to his feet, and prepared to dispute his way, but Lord bless your soul! he went over him like a whirlwind, driving his long lance entirely through him."

"Oh, no, the Indians wasn't mad! Why, they were wild, and I believed my hour had come, but they gathered up their dead and wounded, and, lashing me on my horse, made tracks."

"I saw the scout reach the train, and, somehow, I felt better, and I was not so downhearted; but presently I heard a shout behind me, and an Indian warrior fell, another, and then, my Lord alive! here came Buffalo Bill, and alone, right into our midst, a revolver in each hand, and quick work he made of it, for the redskins scattered upon all sides. I was released in double-quick time, and here I am."

"He's the pluckiest man I ever saw, and I owe him my life, and will freeze to him."

The long story of White Trailer was listened to most attentively by all, and then Captain Duncan, who had in early life studied medicine for his own information and amusement, dressed the several arrow wounds he had received when the scout rode to his rescue, and the two then walked around the motte to see that all was in readiness for a thorough siege, which they felt certain would come, for they knew that Navarro, the renegade chief, never relinquished a prize, if in his power to take it.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

The morning broke bright and beautiful, and with the disappearance of darkness the settlers set to work to add to their fortifications, and under the direction of White Trailer they soon had a most formidable breastwork for the enemy to charge.

Near the motte the prairie was dotted with horses and cattle feeding upon the luxuriant grass, the women were busy in working and cooking, and the whole presented a spirited and domestic camp scene.

Noon came, and still no signs of the scout, and general anxiety was being shown by all, until White Trailer determined to go out on a scout to endeavor to find some clew to the missing hero; for as such all in the train now looked upon him.

Hardly had the guide rode a hundred yards upon the prairie when he was seen to halt and glance far off toward the east.

"Yonder comes Buffalo Bill, and at his heels a hundred horsemen, but whether renegades or Sioux I cannot tell," he cried, and instantly the motte was a scene of excitement.

Returning to the camp, White Trailer joined with Captain Duncan and soon had the men ready to go to their different stands, the horses and cattle were driven into the stockade prepared for them, and then the whole party gathered at the edge of the timber to witness the coming scout, who could be seen some two miles away, making for the motte, while a quar-

ter of a mile in his rear came a yelling band of Indians, for such White Trailer then pronounced them.

On came the scout, sitting upright in his saddle, his noble horse held well in rein, and apparently without effort keeping his distance ahead of his pursuers, fully a hundred in number.

Ever and anon the scout was seen to wheel in his saddle, raise his rifle, and after a quick aim, fire, and some warrior felt the deadly range of his weapon, for a wild shout or yell of rage followed each discharge.

Then there arose a series of discordant cries, and the scout was seen to wave his broad sombrero toward the motte, and urge his horse on to a speed that rapidly left the pursuers far behind.

"By the hokey-pokey! what does the feller mean?" said Boston.

A yell from another quarter answered his question, and every eye turned in the direction from whence the sound came, and every face blanched at the sight, for not a mile away came another band of horsemen, also fully a hundred in number, rushing in a line to endeavor to cut the scout off.

"To your posts, all! Yonder band is the renegade Navarro and his men, and they show no mercy to man or woman."

The ringing words of White Trailer had the desired effect, for every man ran to his post, and looked to his weapons, while Harold Duncan and Clarence Hart saw that the women and children were safely housed in the stockade.

But there was one who did not flee at once for safety to the log fort, and that one was Mabel Duncan.

Her eye was upon the coming horseman, who, the day before, had proved himself so daring.

Anxiously she watched him as he rushed on, and she observed that he no longer allowed Satan to lag, but urged him forward at a speed that was perfectly marvelous, and drew expressions of admiration and surprise all along the line of the motte, from both teamsters and emigrants.

Presently Mabel was joined by her mother and

Clarence Hart, who urged her to seek safety in the stockade.

"I will go as soon as yonder horseman is safe," she replied, and Captain Duncan coming up with White Trailer, the group looked earnestly upon Buffalo Bill, then at his pursuers, and then at the band of renegades who were trying to head him off ere he reached the timber.

From the spot where they stood the three points of their gaze were visible, and as the band of Navarro pressed on with spur and voice, and had a much shorter distance to ride than did the scout, they feared he might yet be cut off.

"That horse comes on like the very evil one himself," said White Trailer, and Mabel remarked, laughingly:

"His name, I believe, is Satan, Mr. Lennox."

"And a good name it is, miss; but it will be a tight pull if he reaches the timber first, and yet we cannot go to his aid, for we would expose our own weakness, and the two bands outnumber us three to one, if not more."

"You think they will join forces against us, guide?" said Captain Duncan, with some anxiety.

"Yes, sir; the Sioux you see yonder are on the warpath, and those Indians with Navarro are dog-soldiers of the Sioux nation, and that renegade chief well knows that he can get them to aid him, if they are not now under his command," replied White Trailer.

"I was in hopes that the two cutthroat bands would be like the Kilkenny cats, or dog eat dog," gayly responded Harold Duncan.

"Well, we must defeat them, whatever their numbers, for all told we have seventy-five men and boys carrying arms, including yourself, White Trailer, whom I should rank as equal a dozen."

"And Buffalo Bill, if he reaches us, is as good as double that number, and reach us he will, for see yonder."

All anxiously looked again toward the flying scout, and they beheld him suddenly urge his horse forward with greater haste, and, as though he had been

merely trifling before, Satan sprang to his work, and neared the motte at a rate of speed that seemed incredible.

"Great Heaven! that horse fairly flies! Now, boys, give him a cheer," cried the White Trailer, and there rang forth over the prairie a loud and ringing shout, which was answered by the scout with a wave of his sombrero, and by both of the pursuing bands with discordant warcries.

In defiance the scout then gave his wild and thrilling warcry, and while his nearest enemies were yet three hundred yards distant he dashed up to the motte.

"Clear the way, all! Now, Satan!" rang out in his deep, thrilling tones, and with a tremendous bound into the air, the magnificent horse cleared the high log barricade, and alighted within the inclosure, amid the ringing cheers of all.

"Captain Duncan, I am glad to see you so well prepared, sir; but the enemy will only make a feint now and attack to-night," quietly said Buffalo Bill, raising his sombrero gallantly to Mabel, who still maintained her position, and then dismounting from his horse, he grasped the hands of those who warmly pressed around him.

"You are right, sir, for both bands have halted now, and are moving around to join each other," said Harold Duncan.

"Yes, their deeds are deeds of darkness, so to speak. Miss Duncan, you seem to fear no danger?"

"I was interested in your race for life, sir, and desired to see if you reached us in safety," frankly returned the maiden.

"Thank you. Had I put Satan to his speed, he could have been here much sooner."

"What does ye say, mister? Does ye mean to say yonder horse kin make tracks faster than he was doin' just now?" and Boston stepped forward with an incredulous smile.

"Satan is the fleetest horse on these plains, my friend, and yonder is the only rival he has, and he is not his equal, I assure you, for either speed or endurance," and the scout pointed to a blood bay, rid-

den by the leader of the renegade band, and even at that distance the animal was seen to be a splendid creature.

"Did you git Satan in Bosting?" asked Boston.

"No, my friend; but I have no doubt you could find many Satans in that wicked city."

"No doubt, boss, for Bosting is the place for fast horses," replied the teamster, not mastering the sarcasm of the scout's remark.

"And that man on the bay is Navarro?" queried Captain Duncan, turning his glass upon him.

"Yes, sir; I knew he was lying in wait for your train, and that you might not escape him, he sent Black Kettle and his dog-soldiers to head you off on the southern trail.

"I came upon them this morning just as the Indian braves who captured White Trailer joined them, and the whole band gave chase, and it seems they run upon Navarro at a most inopportune moment; but we will teach them a lesson they will not soon forget.

"Now, captain, with your consent, we will make a circuit of your fortifications, and see if all is ready for the battle, for it will be no child's play."

So saying, Captain Duncan, Buffalo Bill, White Trailer and Harold and Clarence, who were to act as aides, moved off, while Mabel wended her way to the stockade.

The enemy in the meantime had joined their forces, and at the distance of a quarter of a mile were encamped upon the prairie, awaiting the coming of night, when they intended making a desperate attack to capture the rich wagon-train.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE ATTACK UPON THE TRAIN.

When Buffalo Bill had made the entire circuit of the wagon and log fortification, suggesting an improvement here and there, and with a word of encouragement to the defenders, he sought his horse, and devoted a long time to rubbing down his glossy hide, after which he gave him a good feed, and then

looked after his own comfort, partaking of a tempting meal which Mabel had prepared for him, for she had become quite an expert cook during her pilgrimage upon the plains.

Rolling his serape around him, he threw himself down to rest, and for hours he slept a sound and refreshing sleep.

When he awoke it was dark, and all was quiet around him.

Springing to his feet he quickly saddled Satan and then led him into the stockade, where he met Captain Duncan.

"Ha! Cody, I am glad to see you up. I would not have you disturbed, as I knew you must be greatly fatigued," and Captain Duncan offered his hand.

"Thank you, sir; and now, captain, I am all ready for work; but where is the White Trailer?"

"He is outside of the barricade on a reconnaissance."

"Then I will look him up, for ere long those devils will be upon us."

Thus saying, the scout walked quietly to the barricade, sprang nimbly over, and was soon lost in the gloom of the prairie.

Captain Duncan and his men watched long for his reappearance, and then they saw a form approaching; it was the White Trailer.

"Did you see the scout?" queried Captain Duncan.

"No; he is in the motte asleep."

"No, he awoke, and went in search of you."

"Then he is still out on the prairie, and the devils are getting ready to attack, for I heard that devil of a man, Navarro, haranguing them."

"We are prepared for them," calmly replied Captain Duncan, and as he spoke Buffalo Bill suddenly appeared before them, saying, reproachfully:

"You must keep better watch, men, or the enemy will surprise you, for not three hundred yards away they are creeping upon you.

"They intend to charge on foot from two points, one led by Black Kettle and his warriors, and the other led by Navarro himself.

"Navarro will charge at this point, and with your

permission, Captain Duncan, I would like to remain here, as I am anxious to take that gentleman alive, for there is a debt to settle between us."

The scout spoke sternly, while Captain Duncan replied:

"Certainly, sir; White Trailer and myself will at once go to the other point, and Clarence will go with us, to bring word if we need help, and Harold will remain with you for a like purpose."

"Very well, sir; now all is arranged.

"Keep a bright look out, and fire when the savages spring up for the rush, and as you have additional guns, deliver another volley, and then take revolvers.

"Impress upon the men not to fire simply to hear the report of their weapons, but to take life every shot.

"If it comes to closer quarters, then use the knife, and remember it is better to die bravely defending your wives and daughters, than to be butchered afterward, or perhaps burned at the stake."

A murmur of assent followed the words of the scout, and Boston said:

"Yes, boys, fight like the Bosting people at Bunker Hill, and we'll lick 'em as clean as a nigger would a gridiron."

A few more words and Captain Duncan departed, and the motte was as silent as the grave.

The scout stood silently leaning against a tree and gazing intently out upon the dark prairie, while upon either side of him crouched down a long line of brave men, determined to fight to the bitter end.

By the side of Buffalo Bill stood Harold Duncan, no tremor of fear in his heart, and his every nerve ready to meet the onset.

"They are coming—see, yonder about thirty yards away; pass the word down the line to fire when I give my warcry," coolly said the scout, and Harold obeyed.

Suddenly from the ground a hundred dark forms sprang to their feet, and the silence of the scene was broken by the piercing, wild, thrilling warcry of the

scout, and instantly a sheet of flame flashed from the dark motte, and groans, yells and shrieks followed.

"Well aimed, my men! Now seize your extra guns! fire!"

The order of Scout Buffalo Bill was obeyed, and another volley was poured in upon the rushing avalanche of human beings, striving for the victory.

On they came like packs of howling wolves, and showers of arrows, and swarms of bullets, filled the air, while demoniacal yells, the shrieks of the wounded, the stern orders of chiefs and the rattle of firearms made the scene one impossible to describe.

Calmly, but with wonderful rapidity, the scout had emptied his repeating rifle, and then casting it aside, had seized a pistol in each hand, crying in his deep, ringing voice:

"Now, men, take your revolvers!"

The rattle of small arms along the fort was echoed by the fury of strife from the other side of the motte, where Black Kettle and his braves were charging, and an occasional shot from other points, where the enemy would endeavor to find an entrance, to discover that at every spot the barricade was ably defended.

With a courage worthy of an honorable cause the renegades pressed on, their tall and daring leader urging them to storm the works in spite of the leaden hail that met them.

"They are but a handful; at them, you outlawed hounds!" rang his commanding voice, hoarse with passion, and he sprang upon the barricade, and, followed by a dozen of his men, would the next moment have been in the enclosure in spite of resistance, when Harold Duncan darted forward with a loud cry, and the scout heard his note of warning.

Instantly he sprang to the front, dashed upon the log barricade, and seizing Navarro in his powerful arms, hurled him with fury back upon the prairie side, and drawing two fresh revolvers from his belt, they began to play with lightning-like rapidity, and with terrible effect.

In vain did Navarro urge his men again and again

to the attack, and bearing apparently a charmed life, he defied every danger, it seemed.

But presently a ringing cheer came from the other side of the motte, and Clarence Hart dashed up to say that the Indians had fled at every point, and instantly the band of Navarro became demoralized, and, in spite of the cries of their leader, turned to fly.

A shrill whistle then broke above the din, a loud neigh answered it, heavy hooffalls were heard, and the next moment the steed of the scout dashed up, while his master rapidly reloaded his pistols.

"Surely you cannot be so reckless? Let me urge you not to risk your valuable life," cried Harold Duncan, laying his hand upon the scout's arm.

"Yonder goes Navarro, the chief," was the only answer, and springing into his saddle, the scout gave a cheering word to Satan, who, with a mighty bound, was over the barricade, his iron hoofs crushing the dead and wounded renegades on the outer side, and away he dashed in full pursuit.

Then through the darkness was heard his loud cry of warning:

"Load quickly! They are charging again on horseback!"

Instantly all was excitement again, rifles and pistols were rapidly loaded, and then all stood firm once more.

Then rolled the sound of hundreds of hoofs, the ground fairly trembled beneath the mighty weight, and the wildest yells of fury and defiance were heard, as the daring and maddened cavalcade came on, for Navarro had joined all his forces, and mounting them, determined by one more bold charge to carry the motte.

"The scout, Buffalo Bill! where is he?"

Loud were the cries, but nowhere he appeared, and when last seen he had been in the very path of the coming avalanche of death.

Finding that this last charge was to be a consolidated one upon one point, Captain Duncan and White Trailer, with a dozen of the emigrants, hastily

crossed the motte and joined their friends, and the brave line stood ready to meet the shock.

On they came, like a tumultuous torrent of death, and soon the cracking of the rifles was heard, volley after volley met them, then the rapid rattle of the revolvers, and the carnage became fearful, for, determined to succeed, the renegades endeavored to urge their horses over the stout barricade, and also over the wagons.

But human nature, and especially Indian nature, could not withstand the terrible fusillade, and with wild dread the attacking party turned and fled, death having made sad havoc in their crowded ranks.

The battle was over, the ring of the rifle, the war whoop of the savage, the curse of the renegade, the cheer of the emigrants, had ceased, and only the groans of the wounded was heard, and the distant howl of joy from the prairie wolf, longing to partake of the feast that man had prepared for him of his fellow man.

But where was the scout, Buffalo Bill?

None knew, and all dreaded that evil had followed him, for when last seen he was in the very path of deadly danger.

Quietly the victorious emigrants set about their painful duties, the caring for their own dead and wounded, for, in spite of their splendid fortifications, death had crept through them, and half-a-dozen bold forms lay dead, while twice as many had received wounds more or less painful.

But the defenders of the wagon-train had escaped wondrously well, and had given their enemies a severe lesson; but yet there were some sad hearts in their midst, where a loved one would be forever absent from the family circle.

And all felt gloomy regarding the fate of the scout, for well they knew had it not been for him they would have been taken unawares upon the open prairie, and a far different story would have been to tell of their battle with the renegades.

CHAPTER XL.

UNLOOKED-FOR VISITORS.

Through the long night the watchers held their vigil, and when the sun at length arose over the scene of deadly strife it was found that those who could drag themselves away had done so, and besides the dead renegades and Indians there were only two or three living ones, and they were in a dying condition.

Yet until the spark of life fled they were kindly cared for by the men whom they had intended to treat with savage inhumanity.

Nowhere upon the prairie was a living soul visible, for Navarro and his wild band had retired in the night, but here and there was seen a bevy of wolves gathered around a dead Indian, renegade or horse, and glutting themselves upon the rich repast.

Sorrowfully the dead emigrants were consigned to their humble and lonely graves in a secluded part of the motte, and then the horses and cattle were turned out upon the prairie to feed, for White Trailer told Captain Duncan that their enemies had really departed, evidently disgusted with their attempt to capture the wagon-train.

Then the work of burying the dead of the enemy began, and it was a hard task, for a large number had fallen, the Indians looking demoniacal in their war paint, and many a white skin hidden beneath the coloring of a red skin, as the renegades were wont to do many acts under Indian attire that caused the savages to be blamed therefor.

The day passed busily, and the night followed quietly; but still no sign of the scout, and all feared that he was really captured, for nowhere had the body of himself and horse been found.

Yet White Trailer and Boston hoped against hope, for they felt that his good luck might not have forsaken him, and in the end the mysterious horseman would appear all right.

Toward the evening of the second day after the battle, one of the mounted cattle guards reported that White Trailer was signaling far off upon the prairie, and Captain Duncan immediately set to work

to prepare for danger, as the scout was seen coming toward them at a rapid rate.

Ere long he arrived, and stated that from his position he had discovered a large body of horsemen coming on at a sweeping gallop toward the motte; but from the glance he had of them he thought that they were the band of renegades.

Soon they came in view from the motte, and it was soon evident that they were not Indians, but soldiers, for the sunshine flashed upon their weapons, and they rode in a column of fours.

"Hold on! People sometimes lose their hair by mistakes!" cried White Trailer, as half-a-dozen of the younger emigrants were starting forth to meet them.

"But they are not Indians, for I can see their white faces and uniforms," replied one of the young men.

"That may be, but Navarro can disguise his men in a number of ways, and that may be none other than the renegade band."

The truth of the scout's remark was evident, and Captain Duncan answered:

"Yes, let them come to meet us, and we will be ready to greet them, be they friends or foes."

Steadily the cavalcade came on, and then, as one man, came a cry from the assembled emigrants, of "The scout! the scout!"

It was true. At the head of the squadron, and by the side of the commanding officer, rode none other than Buffalo Bill, whom nearly all of the emigrants believed dead or a prisoner.

The sweeping gallop of the troops brought them ere long within hailing distance of the motte, and Boston called forth:

"Three yells for Buffalo Bill, the scout, the greatest man this side of Bosting city!"

In response there came three hearty cheers, and the next moment the squadron drew rein, and Captain Duncan cried, while a blush overspread his bronzed face, to meet a man who had once known him in prosperity:

"Major Raymond, as I live!"

"Yes, Captain Duncan, and a most delightful sur-

prise to see you here, sir, for my friend here informed me you were with the train," and springing to the ground, he warmly greeted both father and son, whom he had last met in their handsome Long Branch home.

A graceful, dignified man of the world was Major Raymond; a little browned by exposure, and with a fatigued look on his face, perhaps, but still courtly as when in the salons of the metropolis.

Coming forward, Mrs. Duncan and Mabel also greeted the major; the maiden coolly turning from the officer, she extended her hand to the scout, saying, in her sweetest tones:

"I am delighted to see you safely back, sir, for we all feared evil had befallen you."

"Yes, Sir Scout, how was it you escaped from that mad cavalry rush upon us? You were right in the path of the savages," said Captain Duncan.

"I managed to elude them, sir, and in their retreat followed them some distance, hoping to be able to capture Navarro, but with his usual good fortune he got away."

"That fellow is hard to take, as we soldiers all know," answered Major Raymond, and he continued:

"For seven years he has been the Terror of the Plains, with his outlawed band, and upon his head are several heavy prices set. The cruelty he has inflicted upon the border is known far and wide, and upon his trail it is said he has half-a-dozen avengers."

"Yes, I have sworn to take his life," replied White Trailer, savagely, and the deep voice of the scout broke in with:

"Aye, and I will take his life, or he shall have mine," and he walked away, Satan following him like a faithful dog.

"A wonderful man is Buffalo Bill, major," said Captain Duncan.

"I would trust him fully under any circumstances, and when he came to the fort last night and told me of the danger the wagon-train was in I gladly accompanied him," replied Major Raymond.

"And it was kind of you; but I must not forget my hospitality, major, so come with us to our quarters, for certainly you will remain with us all night," said Captain Duncan, kindly, and he added, sadly:

"I cannot entertain you as I once did, sir, but the best we have is at your service."

That night around the campfire a long consultation was held, Captain Duncan, Major Raymond, Buffalo Bill, White Trailer and a number of others being present.

The scout suggested that the major and his troop should make a complete reconnoissance through the country, and that the train should then move on to a most desirable location, about eighty miles distant, and there settle, for, he added:

"I know the country well, and a more desirable locality cannot be found in these parts, as White Trailer, and doubtless the major, know."

"You refer to the valley where the massacre occurred some years ago?" asked Major Raymond.

"Yes, sir, on the Little Blue River; there is no better land to be found, and with the strength of this train they can easily keep the Indians at bay, especially as I know of another wagon-train of emigrants now on their way here from Missouri, and it was to this point I intended to direct them."

"I dislike the idea of settling upon a spot where once a massacre occurred," said one of the more timid of the emigrants.

"Yes, it's a bad omen," replied another.

White Trailer laughed, Major Raymond smiled, and the scout was silent, while Boston remarked with his usual forwardness:

"Afeard of yer granddam's ghost, is ye? Well,

if that's the cos, ye better leave this here country, if yer is afraid of treadin' on graves, for they's thick in these parts, and, bless yer soul, what would the people of Bosting be, if they was afeard of livin' over the dead, for wasn't the battle of Bunker Hill Monument fought there, and wasn't there more Britishers slain in that fight than there is Injuns in this country, and don't the Bosting people live right over the battlefield where thousands of them was buried?"

"Boston, you ask more conundrums in a minute than we can all answer in an hour," said Clarence Hart, laughingly, and the gentleman from the "Hub" replied, in rather a crestfallen manner:

"Youngster, if yer had bin sent to schule in Bosting, yer would have knowed yer geography and history better than yer do."

"Well, scout, I, for one, think your suggestion a good one, and we should really get on as fast as we can, get our crops in, cabins built, and our settlement formed, so let us go to the former outpost on the Little Blue, my friends," and Captain Duncan looked around upon the assembled emigrants.

After a still longer talk over the matter, it was unanimously agreed to go to the Little Blue to settle, and that the following morning would find them on their way.

With the soldiers to guard them, the emigrants slept soundly that night in the motte, and when the first light of dawn appeared in the east, they were all astir.

Major Raymond ate an early breakfast with the Duncan family and the scout.

Having breakfasted, Major Raymond and his troop set forth upon their reconnoissance, the officer promising to join them at the settlements on the third night following, and half an hour after, led by Buffalo Bill and White Trailer, the wagon-train filed

out of the motte, where the emigrants had so bravely fought the savage renegades and their cruel red allies.

CHAPTER XLI.

A SAD STORY.

Without adventure the wagon-train continued its way toward the new settlement, Buffalo Bill leading the way, and occasionally dashing off on short scouts, when he was accompanied by Harold Duncan and Clarence Hart, for the two young men had formed a great attachment for the scout, and his wonderful daring had won their unbounded admiration.

Upon the afternoon of the third day after leaving the motte, the scout stated that the settlement was but a few miles ahead, and expressed his determination to ride on in advance of the train.

"Are you willing to be bothered with a companion, sir?"

It was Mabel Duncan who spoke.

"Certainly, if Miss Duncan is desirous of accompanying me," answered the scout.

"Mamma, can I go?" asked Mabel, turning to her mother.

"If your father thinks there is no danger, Mabel."

"The scout is the best judge of that," said Captain Duncan, who was riding upon the other side of the wagon.

"I think there can be no danger, sir."

"Very well, Mabel; here, Bob, saddle Miss Mabel's horse," called out Captain Duncan to a negro man who had been coachman in his family for a number of years, and with his wife, Phillis, refused to leave their kind master and mistress when misfortune overtook them.

A short while more and the scout and Mabel rode on ahead, the maiden dressed in a dark gray riding habit, that greatly set off her superb figure, and

mounted upon a thoroughbred mare, which her father had purchased for her in Iowa City.

At a rapid canter they sped on, White Trailer, Harold and Clarence following behind, and in half an hour's ride arrived in sight of the spot where, years before, had been the home of a company of hardy settlers, who, alas! had met a sad fate at the hands of the merciless savages.

White Trailer and his party moved on to the right, and were soon upon the river's bank, while the scout led Mabel to an elevation which commanded a view of the winding river, the distant hills, rolling prairies, and below them the sheltered spot where once had the paleface lived in happiness.

But the destroyer, Death, had visited the peaceful vale, and only the ruins of a score of happy homes were visible, while the fields, once cultivated and planted in crops, were again overgrown with rank weeds and grass.

"It is a sad sight to see this beautiful vale in ruins," said Mabel, sadly gazing around her.

"To me particularly so, Miss Duncan, for several who lived here were my friends.

"Yonder ruin, the one to the left, was once a cabin where I visited."

"Ere long this scene will change, sir, and, I hope, again you will find a cabin where you will be welcomed, for we all owe much to you; but it must have been a sad blow to you to lose your friends, and by such a death."

"Would you hear the story of this settlement, Miss Duncan?"

"Indeed I would, sir."

"I will tell you the story, Miss Duncan.

"It is now a number of years since the first cabin was erected in this valley, and those who came here then left homes in a Southern State, and this settlement promised to be the happiest on the entire border, for there was little of the rough frontier element in their midst.

"Their cabins were built, the prairies cultivated, and everything progressed prosperously, for the red men professed friendship for their paleface brethren, and many kindnesses were shown their red neighbors by the settlers.

"In yonder cabin—it was the most imposing structure in the valley then, as its charred ruins now show—there dwelt a well-to-do farmer, a man who had once been a wealthy Mississippi planter; but reverses made him poor, and he came here to live, bringing with him his family, consisting of his wife, two children, a boy and girl, and four negro servants.

"The boy grew to manhood in the saddle almost, it might be said, for he constantly roamed the prairies, and there was not a trail within three hundred miles he had not followed, as he lived among the Indians almost as much as at home.

"His sister was a maiden of beauty, and many were the young frontiersmen who sought her hand, but none with success.

"At length an uncle of the two children visited them, on his way from California to the States; he had dug a large fortune out of the gold mines, and insisted to his brother that his nephew should accompany him on a trip to Europe.

"Thinking it would improve his son, the settler gave his consent, and a month after the uncle and his nephew bade farewell to the valley and set forth

upon their journey, and in time reached the old world.

"After the departure of the young man there came to the valley a dashing and handsome man, of perhaps, thirty, who professed to be a man of means, and being all that was pleasant for a companion, generous to a fault, and with a kind word to every one, he soon became most popular with the settlers.

"He had come, he said, to settle on the frontier, and was anxious to commence a farm for himself as soon as his expected wagon-train arrived.

"Time passed on, and the stranger had won the love of the young girl, of whom I spoke, and with the consent of her parents, was her promised husband.

"Soon they were to be married, and they were seated at dinner one day in the cabin that stood yonder, the settler, his wife, their beautiful daughter, and the stranger, when one of the negro servants entered and reported that one of the settlers, who had been some time before captured by Navarro and his band, had escaped and come home.

"The next instant he entered the cabin, and, catching sight of the stranger, started back and leveled his rifle upon him.

"The owner of the cabin threw up the muzzle of the gun, saving his guest from death, and in a fury the returned settler cried:

"What! do you protect Navarro, the Renegade?"

"All present were struck dumb at his words, excepting the man accused, and, drawing a pistol, he fired a shot at his accuser, who, with a groan, fell to the floor.

"Springing over his body, the stranger dashed

from the cabin, mounted his waiting horse, and rode away at the top of his speed.

"The settler was not killed, merely slightly wounded, as the bullet just grazed his temple, and quickly recovering, he informed his friends that the man whom they had entertained as their guest was indeed none other than Navarro, the Renegade, who at the time was just commencing his cruel career.

"The maiden, who had learned to love dearly this 'snake in the grass' swooned at the news, and returning to consciousness, refused to believe the story; but ere long she was convinced, for it was told how often the stranger was wont to leave the settlement, and remain for days away, hunting, he said; but yet he always went alone.

"Then, again, several of the settlers had seen him in company, at different times, with Indians and unknown white men, and it was at last believed that he was, in reality, none other than Navarro.

"Two nights passed away after the flight of Navarro, and then in the darkness, without warning and without mercy, came the renegade band upon the unhappy settlement.

"Then there was no doubt, for the trusted guest of the settlers rode at the head of the murdering band.

"With torch, knife and rifle their deadly work was done, and in one short hour yonder valley was a scene of ruin and death, for men, women and children had been slain and their houses given to the flames.

"A few only escaped death, and I may say but three that I know of, and one of these was the

maiden whom the disguised Navarro had sworn to love.

"It would have been better had she met the death of her poor parents, for she was borne away to the forest fastnesses, where Navarro had a stockade fort, and she died a few weeks after of a broken heart."

Buffalo Bill ceased speaking, and down the fair cheeks of Mabel Duncan rolled the sympathizing tear, for she had listened with deep emotion to the sad story.

"And the brother, what became of him?"

After a pause, Buffalo Bill answered: "Miss Duncan, in those days I never met the brother, for he had gone to Europe with his uncle before I visited this settlement.

"But since then I have often heard of him, for he returned to his desolate home and became a plainsman, roving this country at will, and with one object in view, to avenge the fate of his sister and parents, and it has been reported on the border that he has done so, though thus far Navarro, the Renegade, has escaped him."

"Mr. Cody, I know the man to whom you refer."

"Who, may I ask?"

"Mr. Lennox, our guide, the White Trailer."

"You are right, for, though, as I said, I never met him in those days, when I met him as your guide, I at once knew the man, and a splendid fellow he is."

"My sympathy goes out to him, for he is indeed a noble fellow, and I have always felt that there was some sad memory in his life.

"But it must be terrible, indeed, for him to come home to this scene."

"He it was who suggested to me to bring your train here, Miss Duncan," and as Buffalo Bill uttered the last word there was a sound of wild war-whoops, and from a piece of timber near by a shower of arrows whizzed toward them.

CHAPTER XLII.

A STARTLING SURPRISE.

"The Sioux are upon us," coolly said the Scout, spurring his horse between the danger and Mabel, who turned deadly pale, but maintained her presence of mind.

"Now, come, Miss Duncan," he continued, and the two horses bounded away side by side.

A dozen bounds and another shower of arrows, and a rifle shot from the ambushed savages, and Mabel's mare stumbled, staggered and would have fallen with her mistress had not the strong arm of Buffalo Bill encircled the maiden and raised her bodily from the saddle, just as the wounded animal, with an almost human cry, fell dead in her tracks.

Then from the timber dashed a score of savage horsemen, wildly yelling, and slipping from his saddle, the scout said:

"Miss Duncan, you must go on without me and warn the train."

"And leave you alone on foot, sir? No, no!"

"It must be. I can take care of myself, and the train must be warned. Away, Satan!"

As the scout spoke, he had arranged Mabel securely in the deep Mexican saddle, and at the command of his master, the intelligent steed had bounded forward and dashed down the hill, the girl, who was a superb horsewoman, firmly seated, and

with the reins well in hand, but unable to check his mad speed.

As he darted away, Mabel, looking back, saw Buffalo Bill standing, rifle in hand, like a lion at bay, while dashing toward him were twenty or more savage foes, who thirsted for his life.

Then his deep voice was heard calling to White Trailer and his companions in the valley:

"Ride! for your lives; ride and protect the train!"

Mabel then reached the foot of the hill, and she saw that the Scout's warning had been heeded, for the three horsemen were spurring madly back on the trail by which they had approached the river.

On flew Satan, a few more bounds, and then was heard the rapid firing of the scout's rifle, his defiant and thrilling warcry, followed by the yells of his foes, and Mabel's heart sunk within her as she thought that at last the daring man had met his doom.

The speed of Satan was almost incredulous as he flew on toward the wagon-train, apparently fully understanding the sacred duty with which his master had entrusted him, and when, after a run of two miles, he reached the train, great indeed was the excitement among all to see Mabel dash up on the steed of the scout, and alone.

In a few cool words she told all that had happened, and in ten minutes more Captain Duncan had formed a corral of the wagons, and all were in readiness to meet their savage foes.

Then up dashed White Trailer, Harold and Clarence, and in dismay heard that Buffalo Bill had been left behind.

"He hailed us from the hill, told us to hasten to

the train, and we obeyed, and hearing firing as we rode along, we believed you had been attacked, for we could not tell from whence the sound came, as we were riding too fast to distinguish," said White Trailer.

"Hark!" cried Harold, and distinctly came the sound of distant firing.

"By Heavens! he still holds out, and I am to his rescue," cried White Trailer, springing again upon his horse.

"And I!"

"And I!"

In an instant Harold and Clarence were mounted and following White Trailer at the top of their speed.

After their departure the emigrants went hard to work, sunk the wagon wheels into holes hastily dug, threw up dirt breastworks outside, and in an almost incredible short time had a most formidable fort to withstand the enemy.

A half hour passed, then came some rapid firing and distant yells, and toward sunset White Trailer and his companions were seen returning, Harold mounted behind the scout.

"Well, where is Buffalo Bill?" anxiously queried Captain Duncan, and with pale faces all awaited the reply.

"I am afraid they have captured him, sir; the firing ceased before we arrived, and we saw a crowd of Indians on the hill, and charged them; but they scattered and we gave chase, dropping several of them, and Harold losing his horse by a shot in the head.

"But nowhere could we see the scout, or find his body, but we saw where he had been at work on

redskins rather lively, and he may have escaped to the timber, and thus eluded them, though if he did he's about the only man who could do such a thing, and they may have carried him off a prisoner; but, Captain Duncan, this place won't do to stand a long siege in, so let us move on to the settlement and go into camp on the river, and we can then whip the red devils if they are five to one against us, and the band we saw only numbered about thirty."

"I will follow your advice, my friend; but it distresses me to hear about the scout, whom, God grant, no evil has befallen."

"He'll turn up all right, captain, or I didn't come from Bosting; and Miss Mabel, don't yer look so solemncholy like a owl in the daytime, for here's yer saddle and bridle I fetched back to ye, and I wish I could ha' bringed yer the mare, for I never see but one handsomer critter this side of Bosting, and that one belongs to the scout, and, darn me, if he don't look as though he felt sorry for his master," and Boston, after placing Mabel's side-saddle in the wagon, went up and stroked the head of Satan, who stood by the side of the maiden.

In a short while the train was again in motion, White Trailer scouting in advance, and Harold and Clarence Hart upon either side.

It was twilight when they entered the valley, and arrived upon the river bank, but there was light enough for them to see how to form the wagons, and ere long they were in camp, and all hard at work preparing for the night.

Suddenly the sound of approaching hooks broke on the ear, and in dismay all sprang to their posts,

but the voice of White Trailer reassured them, crying:

"It is the squadron of Major Raymond."

Shortly after the troop dashed up, and the settlers felt greatly relieved, for with the soldiers near at hand they were comparatively safe from attack.

With surprise Major Raymond heard of the appearance of Indians in the neighborhood, and the supposed capture of the scout, for he said he had scouted all through the immediate country during the day, and had seen no fresh traces of the enemy's being about.

Sentinels were stationed around the camp, and cheerful fires were built, but still there was a shadow of gloom upon the camp, for the unknown fate of Buffalo Bill appeared to impress one and all, and frequently his faithful steed would neigh loudly, as though he missed his master and dreaded some evil had befallen him, and the teamsters and a few of the emigrants took the call of the noble animal as a certain sign that the scout was dead, and that the instinct of the horse caused him to know it.

With stern face White Trailer moved about the camp, and watching him, Mabel, knowing the sad story of his life, felt a renewed interest and regard for the man.

CHAPTER XLIII.

ON THE BANKS OF THE LITTLE BLUE.

When the morning dawned, Major Raymond and his troop started on a scout through the neighborhood, and the settlers commenced work, first laying out a plan for a stockade fort, and getting it at once under way.

This was to be a substantial and massive stockade, built upon the river bank, and with separate apartments for horses and cattle, should a foray of Indians compel them to drive the stock into the inclosure.

Large barns were to be built for the common treasury of grain and provender, and then there were to be several large cabins within the stockade, for the people to live in in case of a siege.

The whole affair was ably planned by Captain Duncan, and was to occupy a space of five acres just where the valley broke against the river, and from its commanding position it was so situated as to be hard of access to any one approaching with hostile intentions.

Rapidly the work went on, and by night the settlers were greatly cheered with what they had done.

At dark the squadron returned, being unfortunate in overhauling the band of Indians, or finding any trace of the scout, and, as they were to encamp in the neighborhood for several days, the soldiers willingly aided the settlers in their work.

The following morning White Trailer held a conversation with Captain Duncan, the result of which was that he left the camp fully armed and mounted upon his faithful steed, and finding the Indian trail, started off upon it to look for Buffalo Bill, for he said:

"He would do as much for me, or any one else in distress, and I believe he is a prisoner, for if not, he would have turned up before this."

Thus a week passed away, and with the aid of their fifty soldier workmen, the settlers had com-

pleted all the stockade wall, and were progressing rapidly with the interior work.

Through that week Major Raymond had lingered, ever haunting Mabel Duncan with his presence, for he was deeply attached to her all believed.

Yet she gave him no encouragement.

As a friend she liked him, but other than in friendship she cared not to look upon him, although both her parents were anxious to have her accept him as a lover.

At the end of the week Major Raymond departed with his troop, but promised to return ere many days, for he had set his heart upon softening the feelings of Mabel toward him.

After the departure of the soldiers the settlers felt somewhat lonely, but they kept steadily at work during the day, and at night discussed the fate of the scout, and the non-appearance of White Trailer, whose long stay upon his dangerous undertaking gave them considerable alarm.

Upon the evening of the tenth day after their arrival at the Little Blue, White Trailer suddenly put in an appearance, on foot, hatless and unarmed, while his features were pale and haggard.

Eagerly all gathered around him to hear his story, and in a few words he told how he had followed the Indian trail all day long, and at night had camped by a small stream, and the following morning had saddled his horse and was about to mount, when from above a huge Indian warrior dropped upon his shoulders, from off a limb, where he had evidently secreted himself while the guide had gone after his horse, which had gotten loose and strayed a short distance off.

Ere he could free himself of the brave who had thus sprung upon him, several more warriors rushed up, from where they had been hiding in the timber, and in spite of every effort, he had been securely bound and disarmed.

The Indians had then carried him on at a rapid rate to their village, a day and night's journey, and he was placed in a large wigwam, near the center of the village, but nowhere was visible any trace of the scout, and from none of the tribe could he learn a word regarding his fate, for they were silent upon the subject, so that led him to believe they had not killed him, as they would have been only too anxious to spread the news.

During the night White Trailer managed to burn his bonds at the small fire, so that he could break them, and he then set the wigwam on fire, and in the excitement, for a high wind was blowing, which threatened the destruction of the whole village, he darted away, sprang into the river and escaped, to reach the settlement, hungry and tired out, after a long and tedious trip on foot.

The settlers were delighted to see him back again, and Captain Duncan instantly presented him with a fine rifle, and Harold gave him a pair of handsome revolvers, while Clarence Hart insisted upon the scout accepting his knife, saying that he certainly would find better use for it than he ever expected to.

Not to be behind hand in good deeds, Mrs. Duncan fitted out White Trailer in a new and serviceable suit of buckskin she had intended for her husband, and Mr. Hart, the father of Clarence, gave him a good horse, which, though not as good as the

one he had lost, was a fine animal, possessing considerable speed.

Thus mounted and armed once more, White Trailer expressed his determination to again seek Buffalo Bill as soon as he had recovered from the fatigue of his recent hardships.

In the meantime the settlers pitched upon their different locations for buildings, and staked out their farms, so that matters began to have a business-like appearance in the valley.

The site chosen by Captain Duncan was the very same where once had stood the cabin where lived the maiden of whom the scout had spoken to Mabel, and as the young city girl walked over the grounds, gazing upon the charred ruin, she could not but sadly recall the fate of those who had once lived there in happiness, and then her thoughts would turn upon the one who had been left to avenge those he loved.

"Strange, how strange, that I, Mabel Duncan, once called the belle and heiress in metropolitan society, should now be here, a frontier girl, and—shall I confess it?—interested in a man who is known to be a slayer of men, a guide of the prairies.

"Ah, me! yet I cannot help it, for his voice, his manners, all awaken in me a feeling I cannot resist, and cause me to turn from Major Raymond.

"Well, I can but live on here now in the wild excitement of border life, for I love my parents too much to ever leave them."

Thus mused Mabel Duncan, and she wandered idly around for a while, and then with a deep sigh returned to the stockade fort, for the settlers were

all encamped within the inclosure until they could get their cabins completed.

When Mabel reached the stockade she was told that White Trailer had again started, and alone, in search of Buffalo Bill, for he was determined to rescue him.

White Trailer had left good-by for her, in case he should be killed, and also he had left her a sealed package, to open in case he did not return within a month.

"I wonder what it can be?" she said, with natural curiosity, but she put the package away, to open only when the month expired, and from her lips broke the words:

"God protect him and grant him success in the rescue of Scout Cody."

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE SCOUT.

Buffalo Bill, the reader will remember, was left in a most dangerous situation, on foot, and a score of Indians rushing upon him.

Seeing that Mabel was safe, the scout threw himself behind the body of the dead horse, and rapidly his repeating rifle flashed forth, checking the Indians' advance, and causing them to turn and seek a cover.

The moment they turned he arose and sped away with a speed that would have done credit to a horse, and gained a gulch, which protected him, while his enemies, not seeing him fly, believed he was still concealed behind the fallen steed.

Rapidly the scout continued his way, until he came to a bold hill, heavily timbered, and, as if fully

acquainted with the ground, he entered the forest, and, at a long, swinging gait kept on at a rate that carried him over the ground with remarkable celerity.

At length he sunk down upon the river bank to rest, and, tired out by his long run, he unconsciously dropped off to sleep, little dreaming that there were enemies around him, for from the dark covert of the woods, where they had hidden upon seeing him approach, were five men, who appeared to be Dog Soldier Sioux, in all the glory of their warpaint, but a careful inspection would have shown that they were palefaces, renegades of their races, committing acts of cruelty under the guise of Indians, as if the poor red man had not sins enough of his own to answer for, without carrying those of inhuman whites.

Step by step and noiselessly the five men crept toward the sleeping scout, and with one accord they sprang upon him.

But, though taken unawares, and with five to one against him, Buffalo Bill was not to be taken easily, and with his giant strength hurled his foes from him as he arose to his feet; yet they knew that death was their portion if he could ever use his weapons, and with frenzy they hung to him, and, by force of numbers and weight, again bore him bodily to the ground.

Again he arose, and with Herculean power dashed them aside, but again they clung to his arms, legs and neck, until, wrenching one of his hands free, he drew his knife, and it was quickly buried in the heart of one of his assailants, just as he was tripped and fell heavily on top of him.

All of his foes were strong men, and even the

giant strength of the scout had to yield, and he was made a prisoner and securely bound.

"It is Buffalo Bill, the Terrible Trailer, pards," cried one.

"We will take him to the chief," said another.

"Take nothin'! Don't be a fool, for the chief has got wealth, and will have to pay big money to get Buffalo Bill."

"You bet, 'cause he's worth his weight in gold."

"That's so, an' we'll keep him in hidin' in the Cliff canyon until ther chief pays money for him."

The scout heard all that was said, and made no comment.

The body of their dead comrade was left unburied, for the coyotes to devour, and upon his horse, for the horses of the men were near, Buffalo Bill was mounted and securely bound.

Then they set off on the trail and kept the horses at a steady trot for several hours, when they turned into a narrow canyon, through which ran a small stream.

At the head of the canyon was a rude cabin, and after a consultation together, two of the men mounted their horses and rode away, leaving the other two to guard the scout, who was more securely bound.

Thus the days and nights passed away, Buffalo Bill constantly under the eyes of one of the outlaws and unable to get the slightest chance to make an effort to escape.

The men had been merciful enough to take the ropes off his hands and feet and put on a pair of handcuffs they had found in their cabin, and to bind

the feet loosely, while they gave him what food they had to eat, and of which they had a liberal quantity.

One day one of the guards came in and reported their comrades were returning:

"I saw them from ther cliff, an' Cap'n Navarro is with 'em, so he's willin' ter give ther price we asked fer Buffalo Bill," said the man.

"We'll take him out ter meet ther chief," said the other man.

So Buffalo Bill, freed of the bonds upon his feet, was led out of the cabin just as Navarro, the Renegade, rode up with the two men who had gone after him.

"By Heaven! It is Buffalo Bill, and you belong to me now, for I have bought you, body and soul.

"Yes, I'll just put my mark upon you," and, thus savagely speaking, the renegade threw himself from his horse, drew his knife and advanced upon the scout in a frenzy of hatred.

Buffalo Bill, ironed as he was, moved back to resist, but, as the renegade closed upon him, there came a shot and the man dropped dead at the feet of the scout.

In an instant Buffalo Bill stooped and seized the renegade's revolver in his manacled hands and shot down one of his guards just as another crack of a rifle, mentioned before, dropped an outlaw from his saddle.

Then into view dashed White Trailer, the guide, shouting as he did so:

"This way, men! We've got them cornered!"

A few more shots from Buffalo Bill and White Trailer, others from the outlaws, and the fight ended in an instant.

It ended with the wiping out of the outlaw band, and the wounding of White Trailer quite severely.

"You saved me, pard, and at deadly risk," said Buffalo Bill.

"That is what I came to do, and I was just in time," was the answer.

A search was made of the outlaw's pockets and the key found to the manacles, and Buffalo Bill was soon free. He at once looked at White Trailer's wound.

"I must get you to the settlement, pard, and let Captain Duncan doctor you; but I'll dress your wound first.

"Can you ride?"

"Oh, yes; but my horse is in hiding up on the cliff, and we must take the body of Navarro with us; yes, and of the others, for there are horses enough."

"Well, you keep quiet and I will get your horse and arrange all for our ride, as it is only half a day's journey to the settlement; but now to first care for your wound," and Buffalo Bill noticed that White Trailer was gazing fixedly at the body of the renegade chief.

"Pard Cody," he said, with deep feeling, "I vowed to kill that man, and I have kept my vow. He did me a cruel wrong, for——"

"Yes, I know the sad story, and I had sworn to hunt him down; but it was a just retribution that he should fall by your hand—you are avenged," said Buffalo Bill, solemnly.

Buffalo Bill, with his wounded pard and the bodies of the outlaws, reached the valley settlement just before sunset, and the settlers went almost wild in their welcome of the two brave men.

White Trailer was at once put to bed, and taken in hand by Captain Duncan, the bullet was extracted from his shoulder, and he was told that he must remain quiet for at least a couple of weeks, while Mabel volunteered to be his nurse.

Going to the fort, Buffalo Bill guided Major Raymond and a large force against the Dog Soldier Sioux, and the band of outlaws, demoralized by the death of Navarro, and, striking their camps, they were given a lesson that broke their power and scattered them.

Visiting the settlement to tell the news that there was no longer cause for dread, Buffalo Bill found White Trailer much improved.

He was told to visit the settlement often, as every home was open to him.

It was nearly a year before his duties as an army scout permitted Buffalo Bill to again go to the settlement, and then he went on account of a letter receiver from White Trailer, and which said:

"You must come to see me made the happiest of men; for, on the first of next month, Mabel Duncan has promised to become my wife."

And he went, riding Satan, while his present to the bride was the splendid blood bay which had belonged to Navarro, and the scout had captured in the outlaw's retreat.

"And you made our happiness possible, Buffalo Bill, for to you we owe all," said the beautiful bride, while Boston added:

"Yes, Buffalo Bill, the Terrible Trailer, and king of 'em all."

LOOK AT THIS, BOYS!

19 PRIZES. || ANECDOTE PRIZE CONTEST || 19 PRIZES.

WHO HAS HAD THE MOST EXCITING EXPERIENCE?

THAT'S the idea, boys. You have all had some narrow escapes, some dangerous adventures in your lives. Perhaps it was the capsizing of a boat, or the scaling of a cliff, or a close shave in a burning building or something else equally thrilling.

WRITE IT UP JUST AS IT HAPPENED.

We offer a handsome Prize for the most exciting and best written anecdote sent us by any reader of **BUFFALO BILL WEEKLY**. The incident, of course, must relate to something that has happened to the writer himself, and it must also be strictly true.

It makes no difference how short the articles are, but no contribution must be longer than 500 words.

HERE ARE THE PRIZES!

TWO FIRST PRIZES.

For Two Most Exciting and Best Written Anecdotes.

Two first-class Spalding Standard Athletic Sweaters. Made of the finest Australian lambs' wool, exceedingly soft. Full fashioned to body and arms, and without seams of any kind. Colors: White Navy Blue, Black and Maroon.

TWO SECOND PRIZES.

For Two Second Best Anecdotes.

Two pairs of Raymond's All Clamp Ball Bearing Roller Skates. Bearings of the finest tempered steel, with 128 steel balls. For speed no skate has ever approached it.

FIVE THIRD PRIZES.

For Five Next Best Anecdotes.

Five pairs of Winslow's Speed Extension Ice Skates, with extension foot plates. These skates have detachable welded steel racing runners, also an extra set of short runners for fancy skating.

FOR NEXT TEN BEST ANECDOTES.

A Spalding 12 inch "Long Distance" Megaphone. Made of fire board, capable of carrying the sound of a human voice one mile, and in some instances, two miles. More fun than a barrel of monkeys.

The contest will continue until Dec. 1st, next.

Send in your anecdotes at once, boys. We are going to publish all of the best ones during the progress of the contest.

We will have to reserve to ourselves the right of judging which anecdote has the most merit, but our readers know that they may depend upon Street & Smith and on their absolute fairness and justice in conducting contests. This one will be no exception to the rule.

REMEMBER!

Whether your contribution wins a prize or not, it stands a good chance of being published together with the name of the writer.

To become a contestant for these prizes, cut out the **Anecdote Contest Coupon**, printed herewith, fill it out properly, and send it to **BUFFALO BILL WEEKLY**, care of Street & Smith, 238 William St., New York City, together with your anecdote. No anecdote will be considered that does not have this coupon accompanying it.

COUPON.

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Date.....1901

Name.....

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State.....

Title of Anecdote.....

PRIZE ANECDOTE DEPARTMENT.

During the progress of the Anecdote Prize Contest this space will be devoted to the publication of the best anecdotes sent in by the contestants.

Here are some of those received this week. They are coming in with a rush, so hurry up, boys, and get yours in early.

My First and Last Picnic.

(By Harry A. Gregg, Providence, R. I.)

This account of a picnic I went on last summer is true, and I would like to enter it in your prize contest:

I believe the picnic was some of the girls' "get up," but I never inquired very deeply into the whereabouts of its birthplace. I was not anxious to, for even yet it causes a queer sensation to pass through me to mention it.

It was May 12th last. The sun arose in the forenoon and shone upon a cloudless sky and a dozen happy faces.

That was the number which composed the party—seven girls and five boys.

It was just eight o'clock when we started. We were going to cross several fields and meadows, as that was considered the shortest route.

We had traversed about half the distance across the first field when some of the girls, who were acting as advance guard, suddenly paused, and uttered several loud screams of affright.

I was at that time laboring under the weight of a large basket of provisions, but when the girls cried out for help I forgot all about my burden and actually ran with the load which a moment before I could scarcely lift.

I soon reached the spot, and discovered the object of their affright to be a large green frog which had perched itself in the path.

One of the boys, Bill Jones by name, who possessed an unlimited amount of courage, advanced with a club in his hand, and politely requested his frogship to seek some other resting-place, at the same time he made a thrust at the frog, causing it to jump in the air.

As a matter of course it alighted in the midst of the crowd of girls. Some screamed and ran, while one fainted.

Nothing further disturbed our progress, and we soon reached the place chosen as the most suitable for a picnic.

A little after one o'clock the girls began to prepare for dinner.

I was seated near by conversing with Bertha Mapes, a girl whom, although she was cross-eyed and had three front teeth out, was an object of envy on account of the

luxuriant growth of red hair which adorned her shapely head.

But such bliss could not last long. She was called to assist the others, and had scarcely departed when Bill Jones strode up to me saying:

"What were you talking to Bertha for? I've accompanied her here, and I want you to leave her alone."

I explained that it was she who had begun the conversation, and not I.

At that instant Bertha came up and deposited several things on the corner of the table nearest Bill, among which was a bowl of molasses.

Bill glanced at the latter and said:

"Do you like molasses?"

Thinking he was inclined to be friendly, I replied:

"You bet I do."

Quick as thought, he dipped his hand in the bowl, and before I could prevent him, he dashed it into my face.

This was more than human nature could stand.

I sprang upon him, dipping my hand in the molasses, and besmearing his face and head, and receiving the same in return.

At last Bill thought to end it, and emptied the contents of the bowl upon my hatless head.

Some of the boys parted us, covering themselves with the molasses as they did so.

Ten minutes later found me pursuing my way home, and in such a plight.

The legs of my pantaloons stuck together at every step, my coat collar refused to part company with the hair on the back of my head, thus forcing me to hold my head in a very painful position.

I stuck fast to every fence I tried to climb; my eyes were closed, and I dare not open my mouth, for a gulf of molasses stood ready to rush in.

I reached home by way of alleys, after mistaking seven different houses for my own, on account of the dimness of my eyesight. I stayed in the house for twenty-four days without going out on the street. I had the satisfaction of knowing that Bill reached home in almost as bad a condition as the one I was in, though he got his molasses off easier.

Who Stole the Grapes?

(By Henry Collisson, Harrisburg, Pa.)

Jim Brown and I went to the same school up to last year. It was a boarding-school in the country, with a greenhouse attached; but a wall separated the playground from the garden and greenhouse, and we were forbidden to enter this garden on pain of dismissal from the school, and a sound thrashing into the bargain.

Jim Brown and I were in the same class, and he was always playing tricks upon me, such as rubbing out my lesson, sticking a pin into my side, and numerous other things, to hinder me from doing my exercise as soon as he would his, so it happened that Brown was always ahead of me in the class.

This used to vex me a good deal, as I considered myself as good as he any time to do a good, square lesson. Brown was also a favorite of Mr. Barlow, the school-master.

Now, in the second year of my being at Mr. Barlow's school, we were called together about entering the garden again.

Mr. Barlow said that the garden had been entered by some of the boys and a large quantity of fruit stolen, and if he could find out who it was he would punish him as he deserved.

After he had done speaking we finished our lessons, and the school broke up for the half-hour play, when there might be seen groups of boys standing together conversing earnestly about the stolen fruit, and wondering who could it be, when, all of a sudden, I received a push from behind, and on turning round, I saw Jim Brown, and he said:

"What do you think about the fruit? Who do you think stole them?"

"I do not know. It is very hard to judge any one, unless you positively knew who did it."

"Oh," says Brown, "I think that it was Sandy. What do you say about it, Jack?"

"I do not know, Jim; but I do not think that it was Sandy, as he is the quietest fellow in the school, and would not hurt anybody."

Here the conversation was interrupted by Bill Stone asking me to join them in a game of ball, and we played until the bell rang for us to take our places in our classes.

Our exercises gone through as usual, the school was broken up, and we retired to the dining room to supper, which was ate in silence, after which we received our evening exercises, and went to our own rooms to study.

After being in my room half an hour, Jim Brown came rushing in to ask for the loan of my Latin Virgil, as he said that he had lost his; so I lent him mine, and

after finishing my exercise I went to bed, and slept soundly till morning.

After breakfast the school assembled as usual, when Mr. Barlow entered, looking as sour as possible.

Every boy was as still as a mouse, for they could tell by the look of Mr. Barlow's face that there was something wrong. After a few minutes Mr. Barlow said:

"I am grieved to have to speak to you again about robbing me of my fruit. Only last night my garden and greenhouse were entered by some of you boys, and a quantity of grapes stolen. Mr. Snookes and I examined the greenhouse and found the vines broken down, and this book lying on the seat in the greenhouse. Does any of you own this book?"

As soon as I saw the book I was speechless, as the book was none other than my Latin Virgil, which I had lent to Jim Brown the night before. Mr. Barlow again spoke:

"Does anybody own this book?"

I stammered out that I did.

"How came it in my greenhouse?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Did you not take it there?"

"No, sir; I lent it to Jim Brown last night to learn his lesson."

Mr. Snookes then said that he did not believe a word of it as Brown had his Virgil, and did not require two to learn his lesson from.

Mr. Barlow told me to go to my room, which I did and was sent home that day.

When my father returned home that night, he was surprised to find me there, and after explaining matters to my father he told me that everything would come right if I were innocent, and wait patiently for a few days.

The first day I was miserable, and so two weeks passed away. I told my father that I did not think it would be found out, but he told me to wait.

At the end of the next week a man called and said that Mr. Barlow wanted to see my father and me.

We lost no time in going, and when we arrived there we found Mr. Barlow and Mr. Snookes in the study.

Mr. Barlow informed us that Jim Brown had been kicked by a horse and was dying, and that he had confessed that he had stolen the grapes, and hoped that Mr. Barlow and I would forgive him, which I did.

I went back to school, and was received heartily by the boys, and took first prize at the examination.

My Adventure.

(By Henry M. Ferris, Milton, Vermont.)

My father trades with Squire Hawkins, the rich man of this section, and I often have to go on errands to the squire's house, and it was on my return from one of these errands that this adventure occurred.

It was about half-past eight, on a starlight night, and I was walking on a lonely road, when I heard the sound of approaching footsteps. I stopped and listened. The

footsteps drew nearer. I looked round for a hiding-place, and espied a tree. I quickly climbed up it, and hid myself in its uppermost branches. Presently two men came along and seated themselves under the very tree in which I was hiding. I listened, and overheard a plan to rob Squire Hawkins' house that night. Imagine my feelings if you can. I determined to go direct to the squire's house, and warn him. But it was impossible to go now, as the robbers were seated under the tree smoking. They seemed to think there was plenty of time. How I fretted with impatience. At last one of them asked the other if it were not time to go. He took from his vest pocket a monstrous silver watch, looked at the face and said:

"It is twenty minutes past nine, and the house is about a mile and a half from here. I guess we'll get there in time. If we get the 'sugar,' we can start for California to-morrow."

They both rose and departed toward the squire's house, to my intense relief. I immediately descended to the ground. There was a short cut to the squire's by which I could gain about half a mile on the burglars. I reached the squire's thirty-five minutes ahead of the burglars, and frightened them half to death when I told them what I had learned. After the excitement was over two farmhands determined to go to the room in which the silverware was kept, and secrete themselves. They let me go with them. At eleven o'clock we heard the burglars forcing their way through the back door. Soon they had forced the door, and were stealthily creeping along the passage. When they came to our door, we heard one say to the other:

"Bill, turn on the slide."

Bill turned it on, and they crept toward the door and pushed it open gently, and entered. Before they could do anything the two farmhands had sprung upon them.

One grappled Bill, and being a powerful man, soon conquered him. He told me to run for some cord to bind him with.

"Bring me some, too," shouted the other farmhand who was struggling with the other burglar.

I ran downstairs and asked the housekeeper for some cord. She stopped me and wanted to know how things were getting along upstairs. After telling her and receiving the cord I ran upstairs and gave the cord to Charlie, the farmhand, who bound his man hand and foot, and then cut off the remainder of the cord and gave it to the other, who bound the other one. We kept watch on them until morning, when they were taken to the police station, tried and sentenced each to five years in Windsor.

The two farmhands and myself were rewarded by the squire when he returned home.

Chased by a Snake.

(By Lorenzo Mulford, Jr., Cincinnati, Ohio.)

On a sultry day last summer during the blackberrying season I took my basket and started to go to a splendid patch known to but a few.

The place was situated on a hill directly above a swamp.

I reached there about half-past eight o'clock and went to work.

Well, I soon had my basket nearly full.

All at once my foot slipped, and I came near losing my balance and nearly all of my berries. I looked down and found that I had trodden on an enormous snake.

I did not know what kind it was, for I had never seen one like it before.

At first I thought it was dead, but I soon found out that it was in a dull, torpid state, caused by basking in the sun.

I gave it a kick in the head, and up it darted with a warning hiss, and I retired to find a stick.

But it seemed as if all the sticks and stones had taken wings, for I had to resort to a fence rail to defend myself.

I took the rail—it was so heavy I could scarcely lift it—and aimed a blow as well as I could at the snake. It dodged it quick as a flash, and gave a hiss.

It curled up and seemed as if it was on its tail, and then it fastened its eyes on me.

I couldn't stir—I was fascinated!

I had thought it strange when I had read in books of snakes fascinating birds, but I never thought that I could ever be in that predicament.

The reptile stealthily advanced, and, when only a few feet from me, drew back its head for a strike.

I, with a terrified shriek, jumped behind a tree, only in time, for at that moment I heard the reptile strike the tree as it leaped.

Then I "legged" it, so to speak, leaving my basket, hat, and very wide spaces between my footprints.

I sat down after a while, trembling in every limb.

Soon I went back to recover my basket and hat.

Imagine my horror when I saw the snake a few rods from me and coming on very fast, with its head raised and its eyes on me.

I ran as if the evil one was after me, and soon the snake gave it up.

I went cautiously back, for I did not wish to have another adventure with the reptile.

When I reached the place I picked up my basket and hat and "skeddaddled" for home.

I reached there a dirtier and yet whiter boy than in the morning.

BOYHOODS OF FAMOUS MEN.

This department contains each week the story of the early career of some celebrated American. Watch for these stories and read them, boys. They are of the most fascinating interest.

Those already published are: No. 1.—Buffalo Bill; No. 2.—Kit Carson.

No. 3.—TEXAS JACK.

Though Texas Jack's parents lived in America, and he was born here, his ancestors were Frenchmen.

Texas Jack's real name was Jean Omohondreau, and it has often been said that he was the Marquis of Omohondreau, though he never claimed the title or the family estate in France.

One writer, relating how it was that Texas Jack became a marquis, tells of an event that took place in France when Texas Jack was a young pioneer on the Western prairie. He says:

"In France, near Avignon, where the silvery Durance weds the beautiful Rhone, the waters as clear and cold as the eye of a vestal, can even now be seen a monumental glory of those chivalric days when men lived and died in armor—when their manhood was known by their deeds rather than by their wealth.

"This 'monumental glory' is an ancient castle, perched high up among the tree-crowned hills which overlook the rivers as they meet, known now, as in the long gone by, as the Castle Omohondreau.

"What has this old pile, 'grand, gloomy and peculiar,' to do with Texas Jack?" asks the reader.

"A great deal, if the reader will wait patiently for a strange story to unfold itself.

"In a chamber gorgeously furnished, hung with tapestry, yet bright, though long used, an old man sat propped up with cushions in a great armchair, while the mellow light of sunset stole in through the high window facing the crimsoned west.

"A physician, likewise very old, stood looking intently upon the noble face of the invalid, while near his right hand sat a notary at a small writing table, penning a last will and testament, then being dictated to him.

"The notary, in a loud, clear voice, read the carefully written document, which gave to the Marquis, Jean Omohondreau, born in America, the vast estates of the testator and the rents thereof. The will made Adeline Cherchille his sole executrix, as well as the legatee of a vast sum in gold and jewels; the last to be hers on one condition—she was to seek out her cousin and restore him to his estate and title. All of this was to be done as quickly as might be after the death of the testator, and the estate was to remain under the control and guardianship of such only as she appointed.

"Years after, when Texas Jack's cousin did find him, she related her story before an amazed group of scouts, who were more than surprised to learn that their favorite scout, known so long as Texas Jack, was really the

descendant of one of the noblest families in France, by title a marquis and the inheritor of wealth which would quickly lure any other man from the hardships of the scout and hunter.

"But Jack laughed when they asked him how soon he would go to France to take possession there.

"I would rather be a free American, rifle in hand, skimming over these broad plains on my own swift horse, than to be a king across the great waters," was the reply."

This famous man, who later became the boon companion of Buffalo Bill, was the only white man who ever completely won the confidence of the Pawnee Indians. He became known as "The White King of the Pawnees." He thus incurred the undying enmity of the Ogalallas, who were mortal foes of the Pawnees.

Probably the most exciting period of Texas Jack's youth was the trip he made from Denver City, Colorado, through the wild region now known as the Yellowstone Park, as guide and hunter to an English party, among whom were the Earl of Dunraven, Dr. Kingsley and others.

Here is the story as told in Texas Jack's own words:

I joined the party in Denver City, Colorado, and, after a few days of recreation there, started alone to Salt Lake City, where I met the superintendent of the Overland Stage Line, and succeeded in chartering a coach to carry us from Corinne to Virginia City.

My party came up the next day to Salt Lake and, after seeing Brigham Young and other curiosities, we hurried on to Corinne.

The next morning the coach was at the hotel door at seven "sharp," as the earl would say, and guns, pistols, dogs, servants, scouts, English lords and other bundles were tumbled in promiscuously, and before we could get half a view of the beautiful country our driver shouted "all aboard," and away we went at breakneck speed.

We reached the first twelve-mile station before I had got comfortably seated, for there was such a confusion of baggage in the coach one would have thought the Grand Duke and Prince of Wales were along, and here our first trouble began, for, to "cap the lay out," one of the dogs had taken sick, for Salt Lake hash did not seem to agree with that canine's English stomach; but then we had only four hundred and forty-eight miles to go, and, as a little thing like that wouldn't amount to much, I chucked the dog on top of the coach, and had just time

to jump astride of a ten-gallon keg of whisky when the driver shouted "hoop la!" and away we went again.

I had given the driver a drink, and that settled it, for in vain did I cry out to him to make the horses pace that we might go easy over the stones. He took my wailing for cries to make better time, for all that is said to these Western drivers they understand to mean go faster and make time.

At this rate we soon pulled up at the next station, where we got in a balky horse. He would not budge, and the driver called out for some of us to get out and throw a stone at his head.

I only got a chance to throw one at old balky when back went his ears, and out came his two hind feet at my head, and off like a shot went coach and horses.

I had just time to grab on to one of the straps behind when I was towed for half a mile, and then rescued by the earl, who dragged me in.

The remainder of the trip to Virginia City was made under similar circumstances, we arriving there in four days and a half after leaving Corinne; for a wonder everybody alive, and nobody robbed.

The next day I hired a team, and the earl and myself drove to Sterling, distant twenty-nine miles, and on the way we passed Alf Slade's old ranch.

Sterling is a place that started up upon "quartz" prospects, but, like the butcher's calf, it "kinder gin out."

Here we expected to meet George Ray, one of the noted hunters and trappers of the Yellowstone, for he was to join us at Sterling.

Buying some ponies, we rode on to Baseman City, distant ninety miles, and on the way passed through Gallatin Valley, which was by far the prettiest country we had seen thus far.

Baseman is a nice little town, situated upon a tributary of the Gallatin, and three miles from Fort Ellis, and here it was I bought my outfit of saddle ponies, pack mules and other necessities, the earl going, in the meantime, in company with some officers of the fort, to visit the Crow village, and see a war dance by some Indians of that friendly tribe.

After leaving Baseman I shot a small bear on Trail Creek—first blood of the trip.

The next day we entered the great and wonderful Yellowstone Valley, striking the river at a point about a hundred miles below Yellowstone Lake.

The valley here is wide, the rolling hills extending back some distance to the main range, and the country grandly beautiful.

Here we met some friendly Indians of the Banack tribe, who were hurrying back toward the Gallatin, as they said there were Sioux across the river. These tribes have long been deadly enemies. They admired my Winchester and Remington rifles greatly, and when I told them that Dr. Evans, of Lewiston, Maine, was making me a gun that shot thirty-five times without reloading, they were immensely tickled, and also curious, one of them saying:

"Me habee dat gun me stay here and kill em heap Sioux every time."

A few hours' ride brought us to Bartlet's ranch, the last regular settlement up the river.

It was late when we got here, but the tents were soon

pitched in a nice little grove, and things began to look to me like old frontier times.

The next morning we moved up the river, and turned into the rough mountains, where we ran upon a band of elk, killing four or five before they got out of range, and had plenty of fresh meat.

Camped that night on the bank of a small brook, and before we finished supper we could hear bear growling, and several of the party who had not seen grizzlies, prepared to surround the place and take a shot at them; but I gave it as my opinion that grizzlies were nice little pets, and should not be disturbed at so late an hour.

Thus we decided to await until the morning; but no bears were in sight at that time, so we divided into two parties, and started out on a hunt for one.

Taking a tramp through the hills, I was approaching camp late in the evening, and it had come on to be rainy and disagreeable, and put me in bad humor.

Suddenly I came on a tremendous grizzly, picking the bones of the elk the earl had killed the day before.

It was the first big game I had seen during the day, and I was determined to tackle him alone, and at once endeavored to get as near as possible before I fired to make a sure thing of it.

Stripping myself of hat, coat and boots, I crawled within thirty yards, for it was getting dark, and I could not see well at a longer range.

At the crack of my rifle, the old fellow raised up on his hind legs and bit his side angrily. I knew I had hit him hard; but my hair raised a little as he started directly toward me, and quickly I reloaded and again gave him another shot squarely in the breast, and again he assumed the position of a soldier and, with open mouth and terrible growl, rushed upon me.

A climb for it was now my only chance, and with no time to lose, I started up the nearest tree; and in none too big a hurry, you bet, for with one blow of his huge claw, he stripped bark off within one yard of my feet.

It was sixty feet to the nearest limb, and that was too small to bear my weight, so, knowing I could not hold on a great while, I clung well with my legs and left arm, and opened on Mr. Bruin with my six-shooter, and although he was bleeding from two bad wounds, I still had him bleeding from six more, and yet he haunted the foot of that tree as though he had business there.

Wondering what chance I would have in a tussle with a grizzly with my knife, and feeling that it had to come to that, I was thinking of coming down, when the old fellow staggered off to a little pond of water near by, and commenced rolling in the mud.

Then I slipped down the tree, seized my rifle, threw in a cartridge and gave it to him through the head from a distance of five yards, and this rolled him over dead.

Just then several of the party, attracted by my firing, came up and we soon had him out of the pond, and found he was a twelve hundred pounder.

Being too late to take his hide, we returned to camp, the earl greatly lamenting that we could not enjoy another encounter with a bear.

Remained in camp several days, and suddenly Mr. George Ray, the hunter, we had wanted with us, but could not find, put in an appearance.

He is a splendid specimen of manhood, six feet two

in his moccasins; but we were supplied with men, and he left us.

The next day a bear was found dead in the swamp, and as we had had enough of that kind of game for the present, we moved up the river.

We passed some beautiful scenery, and saw on the north bank some ledges of different colored stone, extending from the top of the high ridge to the valley's edge. These ledges are from fifty to sixty feet apart, and the walls on both sides are perfectly smooth, and seem to be exactly the same distance apart. At a distance it looks as if the mountain had been raked with a huge comb, with teeth like church steeples.

The night after starting from camp we halted opposite Emigrant's Peak, one of the tallest mountains that overlook the valley.

The next day we passed Emigrant Gulch, and felt safe from Indians, as none were ever known to go farther up the river than that point, and the story goes that they are superstitious about the country, calling it the Devil's Home, where all sorts of bad spirits live.

Continuing on, we passed Tower Falls where the water has a nice little tumble of two hundred and fifty feet; but they are not a marker for the Grand Falls we passed the next day; these are "the boss," four hundred and ninety feet high, clear of any obstacle.

A nice large river starts over the top of that fall, but it all turns to spray ere it reaches bottom—at least so I judged, for had I gone down to see, I could never have got back.

We next came to the sulphur springs; these are hot air and boiling water, and everything has a yellowish cast of countenance in their neighborhood.

I stopped to get a drink, but the water was acid, and took all the skin off my mouth.

We reached the Wind Springs the next day and camped; these springs are six miles below the lake, and the most wonderful in the valley.

We heard a terrible splashing and felt the earth shaking during the night, but we couldn't see the performance.

The next morning we went to the spring or lake, which is of boiling water, is nearly round, twenty yards in diameter and looks as though nature had used it for scalding pigs, and it smells like it had been thus used, too.

It was a very cauldron, thousands of tons of water being hurled upward with a bulging sound rising thirty feet high, and shaking the earth when it fell. As the water rushed into the basin again, up it was thrown, and so on.

In about two hours the throwing up process suddenly ceased, and in five minutes the lake was perfectly dry—recovered from its attack of seasickness. Then again, the waters rushed in, and again the earth was nauseated. We remained in the vicinity several days, and killed a few elk with splendid antlers. Then moved on to the lake.

This is a beautiful basin of water, eighteen miles long and fifteen wide, situated high up in the mountains, and it contains the largest trout I ever saw, some weighing twenty-four pounds; but they are not good—in fact, not fit for food. Above the Grand Falls no fish are fit to eat,

strange to say, until you strike Snake River, whose waters flow into the Pacific, while the lake waters flow into the Gulf of Mexico.

We now turned northward to the Great Geyser Basin, forty-five miles distant, and talking about water spouts, why one of these would have put out the Chicago fire, even if the water is hot. The water spouts out of the earth in streams three and a half feet in diameter, and shoot upward to a height of nearly four hundred and fifty feet.

They spout at intervals from two to twenty hours, and last from twenty minutes to two hours, first sending up hot, clear water, then steam, followed by hot air, and then all is quiet until the time for the next entertainment.

We passed brooks where we caught trout, and then threw them in a pool of hot water to cook, without taking them off the hook.

We next turned off into another part of the country to enjoy a good hunt, and we came pretty near having to hunt our holes, for we ran bang into an Indian neighborhood, and they were on the fight.

We camped in the hills, near Crazy Mountain, and I went out to follow up a fresh bear trail, and noticing that the track was long and smooth in the heel, I concluded that a redskin was trailing that same Bruin.

But it soon got too dark to see, and I returned to camp and put out double guards, taking the first watch myself.

About ten o'clock, just as I was about to go in for a relief, I heard the rattle of hoofs, then a yell like forty wild cats on a spree, and away went all our ponies, stampeded by our Indian neighbors.

Mounting the pony I had with me, I started at once in pursuit, and hailed the boys as I dashed by camp.

Following the noise of running feet for about four miles, they soon halted at the base of the mountain, and I discovered that the Indians were trying to corner and catch the ponies, and with a yell and a dash I went at them, firing both of my revolvers in rapid succession.

Turning the ponies quickly I started them in the run back to camp; but whether I brought down any red game, I will not say, yet I found I had an extra pony the next morning, with a lariat around his neck.

We had now been out some time, had collected a fine lot of specimens, and killed plenty of game, consisting of deer, elk, antelope, buffalo and bear, and also mountain sheep, mountain lions, wolves, wild cats and a great variety of smaller animals and fowls.

The fine weather we had had now left us, changing to cold snow storms, and the earl prepared to start for the settlements.

We retraced our way, and coming to the Yellowstone had some difficulty in crossing on account of the deep water.

Two days more brought us to Baseman, and three days after we tackled that abominable coach, at Virginia City, which put us on the railroad of the Union Pacific in five days, all of us delighted with the trip, and I perfectly willing to try it over again any summer as guide and hunter, into the great national park, whose wonders are yet unknown, and whose beautiful scenery is seldom gazed upon by either Indian or paleface.

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